In the Realms of Music and Art

Mozart's Music in Mozart's Birthplace

The Festival in Salzburg; Recollections of an Earlier Festival; Lilli Lihmann Frees Her Mind

By H. E. Krehbiel

Straight from the heart—or, as the Germans put it, "fresh from the liver"—is Mme. Lilli Lehmann's manner of comment on things and persons, especially when concerned with art. I shall, I hope, never forget her account of her disagreement with Mme. Cosima Wagner when after many years of absence from the Bayreuth Festivals she, who had taken part in the first series, returned to participate in them again. She had been a Rhine daughter, a Valkyr and the unseen bird in 1876 and after she had become the most famous Brünnhilde of her day she went back to the Wagnerian mecca to play the heroine in the Nibelung tragedy. Times had changed. Wagner was dead and Mme. Cosima was enforcing her conceptions upon the representations. The women differed as to the traditional manner. For one thing, Wagner had associated blue with the celestial characters in the story, for reasons of symbolism, and Mme. Wagner had discovered reasons for red, or white, or green, or some other color. There was a clash at a rehearsal. Other questions came up and the traditions were appealed to. Mme. Wagner turned to her son Siegfried to support her contention—was it not thus and so that the master did it in 1876?

"The little snotnose!" exclaimed Mme. Lehmann in relating the incident. "Why, in 1876 my father would not permit him to enter the theater. And he was asked to correct my recollection of performances in which I sang!"

After the performance of "Siegfried" some of Mme. Wagner's derogatory comments on Mme. Lehmann's impersonation of Brünnhilde reached the latter's ears. She threw on her wraps and went straightway to the House Wahnfried.

To the footman: "Say to Mme. Wagner that Mme. Lehmann wishes to speak with her."

The footman: "But, Mme. Wagner is entertaining company and cannot be disturbed."

"Say to Mme. Wagner that I shall wait in the anteroom till she comes."

Mme. Wagner obeys the summons, beaming apologies and smiles.

Mme. Lehmann, standing, with hat and cloak undoffed: "Mme. Wagner, you are the most wonderful woman in the world. What you know about everything is inconceivable. One thing I tell you: About the drama you know nothing. You call this a Wagner Theater? It's a puppet show. Good night!"

A Mozart Festival Three Decades Ago

Mme. Lehmann, you see, holds no leaf before her lips, as the Germans say. And so it is refreshing and instructive to read a personal letter from her giving her judgment on this year's festival performances at Salzburg. A Mozart Festival was held in Salzburg in 1879 and then the notion of annual festivals in honor of Salzburg's great son had its birth. But the plan died "a-borning." There was a renascence of the idea in 1891 when the hundredth anniversary of Mozart's death was celebrated. The date was anticipated by a few months for the sake of attracting the summer tourists—especially those who were making the pilgrimage to Bayreuth. The Tribune's musical pilgrim was devotee at both shrines, and his record of the doings at both places was set down in this newspaper at the time. Afterward his story of the Mozart Centennial found a place between bookbinder's boards in a modest little volume entitled "Music and Manners in the Classical Period"—from a financial point of view a child of sorrow to the author and, probably on that account, doubly dear to him.

But that was a festival over which the spirit of Mozart spread its wings. The orchestra of the Imperial Opera of Vienna was there, with Jahn at its head, and though they had ended their journey late in the afternoon a drenching rain storm in the evening did not prevent the musicians trudging along in the torchlight procession that they might throw their blazing and smoking fagots into the bonfire at the foot of the monument in the Makartplatz. For love of Mozart! Then there were thousands to listen to the "Requiem" in the Cathedral whose master more than a century before had thrown away a jewel a million times as precious as any that adorned his miter, and twice as many thousands walking and talking and drinking and watching the fireworks in the Mirabelgarten at the outdoor festival, and gatherings of fifteen hundred (because no more could be admitted) in the Aula Academica at the concerts of the orchestra, and a few hundred (because the place would hold no more) at the performance of "Le Nozze di Figaro" in the little old theater (only it was "Figaro's Hochzeit," for which I was sorry, for I do not like to have Mozart's Italian music sung to German words any more than I like Mozart's German music sung to Italian words). Then there were visits to the little house in which "Die Zauberflöte" was composed and to the room in which Mozart was born, where I played "Vedrai carino" on his little spinet (when no one was listening) and wondered whether his father had bought the piece of "Genuine Court Plaister" preserved in a glass case among other relics, because the wonderful boy had cut his finger in London, and everywhere and every moment thought Mozart, heard Mozart, talked Mozart, felt Mozart, breathed Mozart, and, like everybody else, rejoiced in Mozart for four happy days—and then went to Bayreuth to listen to the preaching of another evangel which I found no difficulty in reconciling with the first.

It was some years later (I do not recall how many) that Gustav Mahler and Lilli Lehmann revised the festival idea which has since then been developed, or expanded into something apparently as different from that of thirty-one years ago as a Boston Peace Jubilee was from a chamber concert in the time of Bach. Something, too, much to the distaste of Lilli Lehmann, to judge from a letter recently received bearing the Salzburg datemark. It is a personal letter, but I have her permission to make public such portions of it as I deem instructive. I do not believe that The Tribune could have had a better correspondent at the front, though it might have had one more directly observant of the things commented on. It is the duty of a critic to endure and suffer as well as to enjoy. Experience and knowledge are medicine to the mind (something like this was inscribed by an ancient Egyptian over a temple door), and I wish that Mme. Lehmann had gone to some performances which she ignored and given us first-hand impressions of them instead of the opinions of some of those who did go. But she can help us to realize what the recent festival was like.

Mme. Lehmann's Comments

"You may have been informed touching the festivals here. The international concerts of the most modern genre—admirably performed, as I hear (for I did not attend them)—are said to have been frightful and have split the native and foreign public into two militant camps. I heard as little of the operas. The singers who would have interested me had declined to take part, and second and third class artists were not worth my money. I heard only of a new conception. Donna Anna whispered the vengeance air into Don Ottavio's ear so that not a soul in the theater heard or understood a word or tone. Why? It is not permissible to sing or speak out loud in the open street! But for me *opera is opera*.

"They have laid the cornerstone for the *Festspielhaus*—(festival theater)! The plan is foreign to my every feeling. A large house to hold from 2,000 to 3,000 persons! What has such a thing in common with Mozart? Mozart is in place only in a small, intimate room, where he belongs. There one can enjoy his genius to the full. A large theater destroys everything characteristic of him. The interests that desire the large building are different and are looking to the performance of the most modern music. Strauss and others following him want to produce their works. The geniality *(Herzigkeit)*—heartiness) of Salzburg, of the Mozart temple, will be lost as soon as the amusement-lusting horde enters. Then Mozart will move out. The little theater would fulfill its mission without the help of an incredible structure, in which some believe, but concerning which I have my doubts and which will result in a greater deficit for Salzburg than is yet imagined. A structure in moist soil in a country plentiful in rainfalls, unused ten months in a year, is an insanity, a *Wahnsinn*, instead of a *Wahnfried*, which once housed a spirit which no longer inhabits it. It is no longer a place of pilgrimage—only a theater which it is one's duty to have seen.

"The Mozarteum is practically bankrupt. The bad management of individuals who sought to make a universal academy out of the little Salzburg school has destroyed everything built up by their industrious and worthy predecessors. The nation, city and community now divide the teachers' salaries, but to save it is impossible; conditions make it so. In the place of old, experienced, enlightened readers (that is, directors), young musicians of unformed characters, have been chosen—men who have no other desire or purpose than to compose, direct and make propaganda for their own works—written or even unwritten. This was the beginning of the decay of the school, and here the Mozarteum will end practically. The Festival Theater idea was originated by the hotelkeepers and other business men. The name of the Mozarteum, which as a matter of fact has nothing to do with it, but was always used as a decoy, has nothing to do with it. I, momentarily, permitted the use of my name as an advertisement, but care was taken not to do that, since it was known for certain that I would expose the whole thing and work against it. But the sin against truth was often committed in secret; against that one is helpless. I alone am working for the Mozart ideal, having devoted myself to the Mozart courses and singing for seven years. Every year for two months I give eight lessons a day and take no compensation for them, but up to now have given the small returns (small because the pupils are poor, the conditions of the country pitiful and the lessons necessarily limited to from twelve to fourteen pupils) to the Mozarteum in the form of expenses saved.

"You will be glad to learn that Mabel Garrison has been singing with me every day for the last four weeks. She sings admirably and is a dear little body and has a good husband. We have artistic hours with each other and I hope you will find that she has gained voice. She is extremely intelligent and her artistry gives me much pleasure. My only regret is that she cannot remain longer, because she has undertaken a large tour in Germany and Austria, but would prefer to stay with me, which is an evidence of her good sense."

The Ukrainian National Chorus and Soloists

Oda Slobodskaja, Soprano *Nina Koshetz, Soprano*

Ukrainian Chorus

A novelty of the concert season will be the first concert by the Ukrainian Chorus at Carnegie Hall next Thursday night, October 5. Alexander Koshetz is the conductor of this organization, which has been called a "human symphony orchestra." The program will include Ukrainian folk lore, canticles, Christmas carols and works by modern Ukrainian composers.

The soloists will be Mlle. Oda Slobodskaja, formerly of the Petrograd Opera, and Mme. Nina Koshetz, formerly of the Moscow Opera, who will contribute arias and songs by Russian composers.

Celso Urtado at Aeolian Hall

Celso Urtado will give a recital upon the ce'estina, an instrument [illegible] invention, on Thursday evening, Octo-

Fascinations in Cult for Fine Old Drawings

Notes on History of Beautiful Facsimiles Produced in Paris Through the Efforts of Collector, M. Doucet

By Royal Cortissoz

The other day there arrived from Paris two portfolios from the Société de Réproduction des Dessins de Maitres. They bear the legend "sixième et dernière année," and with the date, 1914, the words irresistibly move us to some reflections on one of the delightfullest artistic enterprises ever launched in France, the immemorial home of such things. The war broke off its ministrations, and now, winding up the publication in hand eight years ago, the Société announces the completion of its work. It can look back upon a remarkable achievement.

Good drawings have always had a deep attraction both for the artist and the connoisseur. The latter cherished them in the Renaissance. In the eighteenth century they became the object of a veritable cult. In modern times this cult was revived. Some notable collections were formed in England and the subject was even more assiduously cultivated in France. The greater galleries have never neglected it. There are extraordinary collections of old drawings at the British Museum, at the Louvre, at Florence and at Vienna. Within the last fifteen or twenty years the vogue of the drawing among private collectors has enormously increased. The Goncourt, Muhlbacher, Doucet and Heseltine sales have constituted major events in the art market. Prices have soared higher and higher. To-day a good drawing is a prize only for the amateur with a long purse. But it is an old story that needs create their remedies. Modern reproductive processes have kept pace with the demands of the student who cannot even dream of possessing originals, and societies have come into existence to give their subscribers the benefit of these developments.

The old Durer Society, founded some time ago in London, was, we believe, the first to do really brilliant work in this field. Scattered through the ten portfolios it dedicated (over as many years) to the German master, there appeared quantities of his drawings, reproduced in something like perfection. The practical exhaustion of its particular subject caused this society to liquidate, and for a time we heard little of old drawings save as they cropped up in books, periodicals and sale catalogues. Then came M. Doucet. The present writer has some charming recollections of this distinguished amateur at his home in Paris, built in the style of the eighteenth century, and then filled with paintings, sculptures, furniture and bibelots, magnificently illustrating the period. It was prob-monument too an historic school ever accomplished. Doucet had unerring flair, and he had, fortunately, the necessary resources. He bought nothing that was not felicitously right. Also he knew how to arrange his treasures. The house was a house, not a museum. He had numerous rivals, of course. There has been great devotion among French collectors to the eighteenth century. We recall at M. Groult's, for example, some priceless souvenirs. But Doucet's was the one flawless, exactly balanced interior in all Paris. Ultimately it went under the hammer and he took to collecting other things—works of Oriental art and, it is said, works of the modernist school, a curious thing. It has published illustrated catalogues of Callot, Saint-Aubin, Odilon Redon and Debucourt. One given to the prints from Watteau is soon to come from the press. So far as we know the labor of this society is to continue.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the debt that we owe to M. Doucet. He has vastly extended the knowledge and the pleasure which go with a study of drawings. There is no other artistic cult quite so beguiling. In the very nature of things a drawing has a spontaneity and a personal meaning that must be subtly diminished when the same design is carried out on canvas or in marble. We look over the artist's shoulder as his thought first takes shape, and tentative shape at that. The line is fairly tremulous with the force emanating from his fingers. It has the autographic authenticity of a thumb print. It flows—when the artist is a master—with an indescribably fresh, vibrant power. He flings a suggestion rather than a fact upon the paper. The paintings of Botticelli are exquisite things, but to savor the very essence of his exquisiteness you must observe a drawing of his like the renowned "Abundance" in the British Museum. Here and there among the few paintings of Leonardo you draw close to his secret. You sense it in a painting like the great "St. Anne." But turn to the drawings at Windsor and elsewhere and you surprise the last ingredients of the master's tenderness, his expressiveness, his almost mystical eloquence. It is so with Michael Angelo and Raphael, with Durer and Rembrandt. They give you in their drawings a clew to their genius that you can find in nothing else they ever did, no matter how superb, how characteristic, the finished painting may be.

First and last the thing that makes a drawing worth while is just draftsmanship, linear magic, the expression of individuality—and beauty—through a particular technical idiom. Technique here is the revelation of the soul of an artist's style. It does not matter what the subject may be. A master leaves a drawing a perfect thing in itself whether he be working out an elaborate design or sketching a torso or a hand. But there is much else in this field. The spiritual direction of the art of Leonardo is disclosed in his drawings. In the drawings of the eighteenth century French school you have an amazing panorama of the social life of the time, a rich documentation of the costume and demeanor of a people. The portfolios of M. Doucet's Société have performed a notable service on this point, extending our acquaintance with the social pageant in an era when the social pageant was of immense importance. For the student of history as well as for the student of aesthetics the drawing has a high status.

There has been an odd subsidence of that status in the drawings of our own time. The art of illustration has had something to do with it. The design made for a book or a magazine is a nothing for a long time. It did excellent work for a while, though, oddly, its reproductive standard was not quite up to that of either Paris or London.

Besides the portfolios we have cited M. Doucet prompted divers other invaluable publications. In four instalments his Société brought out facsimiles of the drawings by Pisanello and his school in the Louvre, the famous drawings of the Codex Vallardi. There are nearly three hundred plates in the lot. The last precious batch brought with it a mass of historical and critical text by M. Guiffrey and the fullest bibliography that has ever been dedicated to Pisanello. At the present moment the Société is completing its series of six volumes devoted to those catalogues of eighteenth century salons and sales which Gabriel de Saint-Aubin annotated with incomparable little sketches, most of them in sanguine. Minutely edited, these catalogues are packed to overflowing with information that is so much pure gold to the student of the period. And Saint-Aubin's tiny drawings make by themselves a bewitching gallery. Finally M. Doucet gave his energy to the invention and upbuilding of a society different thing from the drawing as we have been considering it. It may be a beautiful work of art, a drawing, say, by Edwin Abbey, but it is a work having a special character of its own, it is nothing if not deeply considered. It bears the same relation to the drawing we have in mind that a painting does, it is a work of art elaborated, finished. There are contemporary draftsmen who are allied to the old tradition—Forain, Boardman, Robinson, Arthur B. Davies, Charles Shannon. Yet even these brilliant types are touched by the self-consciousness which lies outside draftsmanship as the old masters understood it. For them the making of a drawing meant a process of thinking aloud in the quiet of the studio, the casual release of a jet of emotion, the expression of an idea without the crystallization of it. To share their moods through the study of their drawings is to penetrate in a peculiarly inspiring way into the more mysterious realms of art. We have, therefore, to be doubly thankful to a man like Doucet, to an institution like his Société, long occupied in placing the

Portrait of a Man

(From the drawing by Huber)